

## Ultimatum- Robbie's Final Act: A Short Story

by TOTALLYNOTJOHNNYCAGE

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Turmoil. It was the only word to describe LazyTown's current predicament as their longest serving mayor, Milford Meanswell, had abruptly passed away from an unknown illness. The town had plunged into chaos without their loyal leader. Sportacus, the hero everyone looked up to, became a mad tyrant, instilling strict dietary laws upon the land. No one could eat or do what they want. LazyTown's golden age was very much over, as the citizens were ill-equipped to challenge the mighty strength of Sportacus the great. No one could stop him... except for the one man that everyone scorned...the man that previously ruled LazyTown...the man everyone called their enemy... It seemed like a pipe dream, but their only hope to escape their living nightmare was from the master of disguise himself. Robbie Rotten. Dwelling in the sewer system for years, Robbie grew immune to healthy food and exercise. He succeeded in creating a physique that was aesthetically superior to even Sportacus's. Robbie was planning this for years. He knew that everyone was counting on him to usurp the mad man from his throne. The time has come.

Robbie loaded his AK rifle and Desert Eagle pistol. He stored the weapons in his overcoat along with several magazines and hand grenades. Before embarking on his journey, he kissed a portrait of Stephanie that hung up on the wall. He left his evil lair...for the last time. As he reached the surface, he saw the living hell that was LazyTown. Thefts, Arsons, and Rapes were a daily routine in this scummy town. He saw familiar faces running towards him. It was the little negroid Pixel, and the blonde cuck Ziggy. Both puppets had mold growing on their face, and were foaming at the mouth. Robbie quickly put several bullets in both of their heads. As he walked closer to inspect their decaying bodies, he heard a an ominous noise in the distance. As he walked closer to inspect the noise, he saw two puppets close to each other. As Robbie clears his vision, he sees a zombified Stingy feasting on Trixie's gushy

innards.

"MmmmmMmMmmmmMiiiiineee...Miiineeee..."Stingy moaned, as he took another bite out of Trixie's liver. Robbie put both of them out of their misery with a quick burst from his Kalishnikov.

"The Sports candy has rotted everyone's brains! His healthy food was a lie all along!" Robbie screamed. A thunderous clap echoed through the sky.

Robbie looked up and saw Sportacus's blue airship soar above him. It was decorated with the skins of his fallen foes and enemies of the state. Meanswell's face was plastered at the front of the ship. At that moment, a figure free-fell from the aircraft, gliding in Robbie's direction like a bat in the night sky. He then landed on the cracked pavement, and revealed himself to be none other than Sportacus.

"So, you're still alive after all these years huh you old fuck?" sneared Sportacus in a mocking tone. "You know, I should have gone down that sewer a long time ago so I could kill you myself! Your body would look great in my trophy room, with your mouth eternally gorging on delicious sports candy! HAHAAHAHA! But I thought it would be better to let you rot in your final years."

"You will not control LazyTown forever, Sportaflop! I know you killed the mayor so you can puppeteer these poor citizens! I was supposed to be the bad guy!" cried Robbie, with pride for his hometown in shambles.

"Nothing can stop me, Rotten. Now that I have Impregnated Stephanie, we will reproduce and create a marvelous superhuman army that will dominate this planet. You can't do anything! I have sent every do-gooder that tried to stop me straight to hell! You won't be an exception!" bellowed Sportacus.

"ENOUGH!" cried Robbie, as he ripped out his Desert Eagle and unloaded the weapon in Sportacus's direction. With his cat-like reflexes, Sportacus quickly rolled into safety. Pulling several carrot knives from his sweating pants, he threw them with precise accuracy at Robbie's Deagle, knocking it out of his hand.

"God damnit!" yelled Robbie, channeling his inner Rich Piana as he attempted to retrieve his deagle. Before he could pick up his weapon a watermelon landed towards his feet. It suddenly exploded, sending the former villian across the street onto the old basketball court. Before he could get his bearings, Sportacus came back-flipping onto the court. He pulled out a grape machine gun and started firing dozens of grapes into Robbie's torso. Blood began streaming down his chest, as he tossed a frag grenade towards Sportacus. Sportacus avoided the attack, but lost sight of the master of disguise when the dust and debris settled. Sportacus began to patrol the area, tossing his broken machine gun aside. He was going to end this fight mono e mono. Robbie stepped out of hiding, and ran towards Sportacus with feelings of hatred and anger. Despite his raging tenacity, Sportacus did not falter, and picked up the chinned savior and tossed him towards a pile of debris.

"It's over, you Elvis looking motherfucker. I beat you for the millionth time!" Sportacus exclaimed, taunting Robbie in what is

seemingly his final moments. "Every time I beat you, you just come back like a cockroach to get stepped on again. NOBODY EVER LIKED YOU! Not even these worthless sack of shit fuck-puppets that did nothing but eat garbage all day. I SAVED THESE PEOPLE! FREED THEM FROM MEDIOCRITY! AND YOU TRIED TO STOP ME! YOU USELESS LAZY FUCK! AND NOW, AS YOU LAY DIEING, YOU GET TO SEE THE FATE OF MY NEW UTOPIA! THE LAND OF THE HEALTHY! THE WEAK AND LAZY WILL BE PURGED AND I WILL BE ITS LEADER! THIS IS THE NEW AGE OF SPORTACUS!

A tear streaked down Robbie's face.

"Bingo, Bongo. You are...Wrong-O."

Robbie suddenly pulled out his reclaimed deagle from his coat pocket, and fired a bullet into Sportacus's neck. Sportacus did not even anticipate his attack, as he dropped to the ground like a sack of potatoes. As Robbie walked towards his corpse, he bent over and picked up Sportacus's iconic hat. The madness that had consumed the world had suddenly vanished. With his greatest enemy finally dead on the ground, Robbie has nothing left to live for.

"No...it can't be true...You're gone...you're gone...I...GOD DAMNIT!"

Robbie then placed the Desert Eagle in his mouth and pulled the trigger. He was out of ammo. He dropped to his knees and threw his arms into the sky, bellowing a loud roar for all of the dead to hear.

"I DID IT! I DID IT! I KILLED THEM ALL! I KILLED THEM AAAAAAAAAALLLLL! THE JUMPING BLUE KANGAROO, THE WOMEN, THE CHILDREN, ALL OF THEM!"

Robbie set the town ablaze. All of the houses, bodies, and memories from the town were destroyed. Only a collection of charred corpses and skeletal houses remained, with their memories lost in time. Robbie knew what he had to do. He set out for another town to terrorize.

End  
file.